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THESE POEMS, WRITTEN BY
ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN AND
DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT,
ARE NOW FOR THE FIRST
TIME PRINTED AND ISSUED
TO THEIR FRIENDS:

CHRISTMASTIDE

1897

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WAS PRINTED AND BOUND
FOR THE FIRST
BY AN AMERICAN
AND
THE FIRST WRITTEN BY

CHRYSTIANE

TEMAGAMI

FAR in the grim Northwest, beyond the lines
That turn the rivers eastward to the sea,
Set with a thousand islands, crowned with pines,
Lies the deep water, wild Temagami:
Wild for the hunter's roving, and the use
Of trappers in its dark and trackless vales;
Wild with the trampling of the giant moose,
And the weird magic of old Indian tales.

All day with steady paddles toward the west
Our heavy-laden long canoe we pressed;
All day we saw the thunder-travelled sky
Purpled with storm in many a trailing tress,
And saw at eve the broken sunset die
In crimson on the silent wilderness.

IN THE WILDS

WE run with rushing streams that toss and spume
We speed or dream upon the open meres ;
The pine-woods fold us in their pungent gloom ;
The thunder of wild water fills our ears ;
The rain we take, we take the beating sun ;
The stars are cold above our heads at night ;
On the rough earth we lie when day is done,
And slumber even in the storm's despite.
The savage vigor of the forest creeps
Into our veins, and laughs upon our lips ;
The warm blood kindles from forgotten deeps,
And surges tingling to the finger-tips.
The deep-pent life awakes, and bursts its bands ;
We feel the strength and goodness of our hands.

THE CANADIAN'S HOME SONG
FROM ABROAD

THERE is rain upon the window,
There is wind upon the tree ;
The rain is slowly sobbing,
The wind is blowing free ;
It bears my weary heart
To my own country.

I hear the white-throat calling,
Hid in the hazel ring ;
Deep in the misty hollows,
I hear the sparrows sing ;
I see the blood-root starting,
All silvered with the spring.

I skirt the buried reed-beds
In the starry solitude ;
My snow-shoes creak and whisper,
I have my ready blood,
I hear the lynx-cub yelling
From the gaunt and shaggy wood.

I hear the wolf-tongued rapid
Howl in the rocky break ;
Beyond the pines at the portage,
I hear the trapper wake
His *En roulant ma boulé*,
From the clear gloom of the lake.

Oh ! take me back to the homestead,
To the great rooms warm and low,
Where the frost creeps on the casement
When the year comes in with snow ;
Give me, give me the old-folk
Of the dear long ago.

Oh, land of the dusky balsam,
And the darling maple tree,
Where the cedar buds and berries,
And the pine grows strong and free !
My heart is weary and weary
For my own country.

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